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### THE BOGY-MAN.

TER's modestly and timidly a little harmless parcels post plan lifted its head in Congress the other day. The House Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads reported almost unanimously an appropriation bill with a rider providing for the tender beginnings of such a system.

Forthwith a hollow groan went up from Georgia. The whole parcels post proposal is really a diabolical device needed by J. P. Morgan for a gigantic mercantile trust scheme of his which "will put 85 per cent. of the mercantile houses in Georgia out of business!

"Such a mercantile trust," said the editor of the Merchants' Journal, to a meeting of trembling Southern merchants in Atlanta. "could be formed much easier than was either the Steel or the Oil combination. And once in existence, would be supreme. J. P. Morgan through H. B. Claflin & Co. is already preparing for the trust in anticipation of the passage of the parcels post."

Apparently even the members of a House Committee saw finally how ridiculous it is to keep up a state of things under which the United States Government often carries parcels through its mails for people living abroad at a lower rate than for its own citizens. Also these same parcels for foreign senders or receivers are heavier than would be allowed here. The bill revises rates, provides for a twoyear experiment with percels post on rural routes, and recommends a commission to investigate the subject generally and report to

But this revelation from Georgia is too horrible! Let us never mention parcels post again!

### A STRAIGHT DEAL FOR THOSE IN DISTRESS.

O LOAN on fair terms to the poor is the worthy object of a rociety of excellent motive and backing which has just secured a license from the Superintendent of Banks.' It is called the Chattel Loan Society and has behind it the New York Charities Organization and the Provident Loan Societies and the millious of the Russell Sage Foundation. Its directorate contains honorable and well-known names. Its central office will be at No. 50 Union Square.

The society deserves approval and publicity.

The poor man is peculiarly at the mercy of the powers that prey. His food must be cheap. He has neither time nor power nor often intelligence enough to make sure that it is good. The bad egg, if used at all, is pretty sure to turn up in his bun. The landlord bears hardest on him because he counts least individually. So many like him are ready to take his place. His clothing is poor, even for its low cost, because he can have few standards and must take what he can get. Everybody makes money out of him.

When sickness or trouble brings instant need of cash he and les furniture are at the mercy of the first usurer who offers him fair-sounding terms. No law has ever succeeded in completely protecting the poor man from the money-lender bent on extortion. The latter usually accomplishes his purpose without going beyond the letter of the law.

The only safe guarantee is the honor and good intent behind the loan. All success to the new society.

### SOCIETY AND ITS SECRETS.

THE relief said to have been produced among his clients by the certainty revealed in the will of an eminent English solicitor that he had kept no diary and left no memoirs seems as uncalled for as the previous anxiety it implies.

Instances of lawyers, even unprincipled lawyers, betraying proincional confidences are exceedingly and actonishingly rare. The sme is true of certain other confidential professions. When one Sinks of all that goes into the car of the doctor, the lawyer and the priest, it is amazing how rarely one reads or hears of a case where they are accused of breaking faith.

High society in England need not worry lest its advisers give sway its secrets. The most piquant revelations and backstair books have usually been written by its own members.

### REVELLERS AND WRONGDOERS.

IKE fires, crimes come in waves," a high police official is young Mrs. Mudridge-Smith came over, reported to have said, commenting on the extraordinary a smiling, rosy vision, by the table number of recent burglaries, taxicab holdups and street awaiting the tea and farina pudding. fights in this city. The same day came a story from Paris of a my pokey old husband and yours!" creed bicycle gang who looted a jewelry store, keeping crowds and police the jubliant young person to Mrs. Jarr. at bay with pistols and bombs. The Paris police are said to believe | "Come over with n that an international gang of highwaymen is at work simultaneously Mrs. Jarr, who had been on the point in Paris, New York and Berlin. This particular crime wave seems to have hit New York at the

most gay and prosperous moment of the present winter. A wellknown theatrical manager said the other day that the past three weeks at his theatres had been the best for the last five seasons. Hotel men report that restaurants and cafes have been steadily more and more crowded since the New Year opened. Paris and Berlin are at the height of their winter season of theatres and social

The pressure of amusement seeking is usually a fair gage of the energy and prosperity of a community through a given period. Could it be the same with crime?

### Letters from the People

Commuters' Woes.

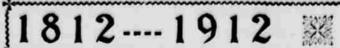
Eric Railroad terminal of the Hudson ers (as are the station arrangements). Eiver Tunnel? That long walk up and since the N. Y. S. & W. trains now

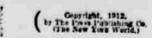
To the Editor of The Erecting World:

Is nothing ever to be done about the doubly had for many Jersey committee. EVERY ONE are discommoded. It is lown a steep inclined plane between use the Eric terminal instead of the down a steep inclined plane between the Life terminal instead of the tunnel platform and railroad station Pernaylvania. Can nothing be done, is torture and a time consumer for fellow-commuters, for the suburbancommuters. Tired, bundle-laden men, ite? Is he forever to be the goat?

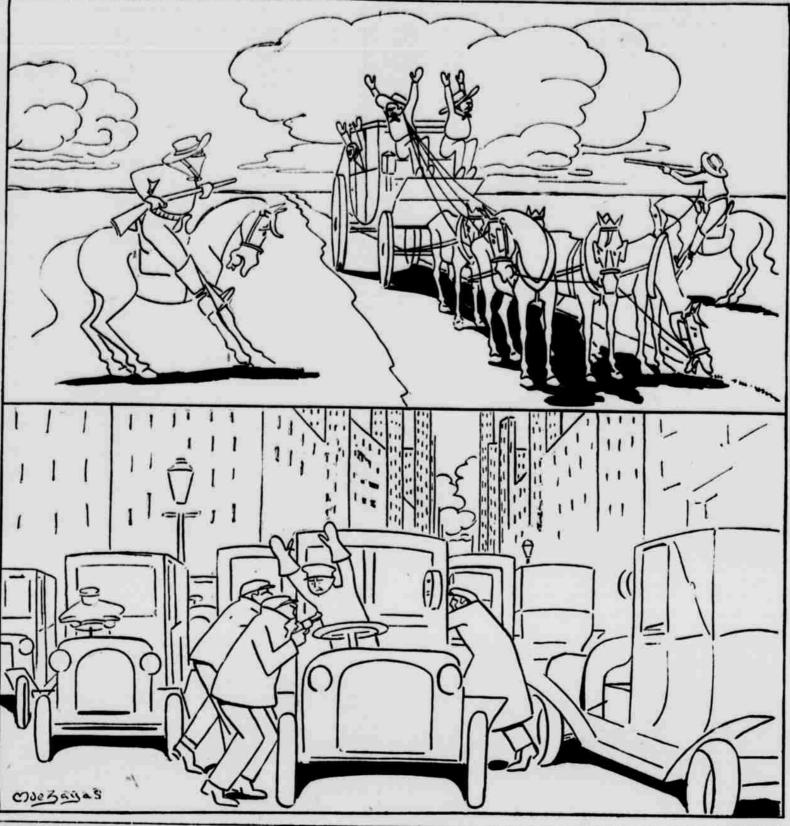
The property of the suburbancommuters, for the suburbancommuters, and a state of the suburbancommuters. Tired, bundle-laden men, ite? Is he forever to be the goat?

Dundee Lake, N. J. Z. H.





By M. de Zayas



## band and Mr. Jarr." she said. "You go shead and don't mind us. MON PINCH He has to work to-morrow!"

HEN old Mr. Smith ordered tea and farina pudding for Mr. and Mrs. Jarr at the gilded cabaret restaurant he did it with no sense

He was a very rich man with a very bad digestion, and that was all he wanted. Being a very wealthy man, and being Mr. Jarr's employer also, neither the walters nor Mr. Jarr could tell him what they thought of him.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Clara Mudridge

Smith at Jack Silver's table was already having the time of her fair young existence. She was the life of the party, and her merry laugh rang loud and clear voice of a singer emitting that refined classic of Broadway:

"It's a bear! It's a bear! It's a bear!" As the singer finished this chanson, whose enthusiastic reception proved the "You're not to stay at this table with

of pleading a headache and retreating

### Intermittent.



"Does he always stammer?" "No. Only when he talks."

# An Orgy of Farina Pudding and Tea Excites Mr. Jarr to Demonia Oh, I don't West again. Excites Mr. Jarr to Demoniac Rage

enjoy those things."

will take our tea together. It wouldn't young and enjoyed such things, too. of the world" cackled old Mr. Smith. table where wine flowed and laughter

ture comforts, the NECESSARY things.

had left his wife with a dull old man take care that she is never thrown in "You won't mind, will you?" asked or woman and a festal spread of tea the company of wicked or designing Mrs. Jarr, arising and sweeping the and farina pudding and had joined a people, ch?" And as he said this he cast a baleful "Certainly not!" lied Mr. Jarr stoutly. rang, she would have—well, he couldn't glance at poor Mr. Jarr. For to the And the ladies tripped away to be imagine what she would have done.

## Fables of Everyday Folks By Sophie Irenc Loeb

The Woman Who Lived on its exuberance, must MANIFEST itself -some way, somehow.

Yesterday. woman. She lived, moved and had her being on the loys and loys of play and laughter and song they sortows that hap-had to find EL-EWHERE, outside of upon a time there was a

pened YESTER. their immediate precincts-which they There were no days like the "good old days of long ago." It was a being POSSESSED rather than that of bad, wicked world possession. and nothing much to look forward to.

The windows of THEM. They did not share their little her little parlor Joys and sorrows with her, for they

were always resilted somehow that she lived in the closed, the shades PAST. of Old Sol that might try to enter. The plane was closed and on top of it were

of Old Sol that might by to enter. The plane was closed and on top of it were some dust-covered sheets of some very, very old music which had not been played for a LONG TIME.

On the walls were pictures of the dear on the would be away from her AL-DEPARTED, with flars and crepe around them, and there were several TOGETHER.

And because she had not recognifications and properties.

around them, and there were several sheaves of wheat and stuffed white doves, symbols of funerals that had marked the END of things for some one.

And because she had not grown with them they would live their own lives, and she herself would but figure in the PAST ONLY, to them, for that reason pudding? No? Tea, then? No? Well. The woman was always dressed to She thought much

black, and her attitude permented an on yesterday was life-giving. She beeverlasting atmosphere of mourning. ig and breathing PHESENT. She and have been a part of them and their lives? added. "Suppose we go over?" some children. They wanted to be

to." See the week continually telling them this fable.

She was continually telling them this fable.

She was continually telling them this fable.

About the wonderful things that came MORAL: DECORATE THE LIVES now? Whoop!"

And he edded to the general gavety by thing were different New. The wom-taken with all MOURNED.

Blds self to flee—"Live that I may rejoice. Live on, for may the Four Hundred to talk about.

"The heat thing about the proof that the great of their time talking about each of their time talking about each

greeted with glad acclaim by Mr. Silver | She wouldn't have stood it then, and and his friends.

"Let 'em have a good time," sold Mr. it afterward, either. But why consider Jarr's employer. "They are young, and these phases? Mr. Jarr would never have thought of doing such a thing. Have a good time—have a good time!" enjoy those things."

Quavered old Mr. Smith. "Jarr and I Mr. Jarr might have said that he was "My wife is so innocent of the ways

her amused. But we mus:

"Eh, what? Oh, yes, perfectly true!" scryice away from there is excellent. stammered Mr. Jarr, who was so angry One can leave at almost any hour of

that he could hardly speak. "Do you want graham bread or health "Mrs. Shank, widle in our mids! with

crackers?" asked his employer. "You her talented huckand, is living at the can have either. I don't mind the ex- Hotel Astor in Longacre square. She is He didn't, either, when the expense doubtedly she is taking in a show every rotics,

the day or night.

night and going to supper at a res-

"If the White Light district had to

wasn't heavy.

Mr. Jarr wondered if he'd get thirty taurant after the play. years in jail if he cross in his splendid

"The trouble with Mrs. Shank and anger and smacked his boss over the other observing visitors from the provbrow with the faring pudding. At this point the orchestra was play-

tiful Doll?"

And Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith was New York to be to the stranger within up and dancing by the table with Mr. the gates as one and whirl of eating Jack Silver, while Mrs. Jarr and the and drinking and cabacet shows. rest of the party waved napkins and "She loves to remp! She just loves age most of the bis restaurants and 66

to romp!" cried old Mr. Smith, regarding his bride from where he sat with happy pride. "And I never check her innoceral gavety," he added, "not so long as I know she is with nice people—

"The average New Yorker who mainpeople I know I can trust."

And he cast another baleful glance on Mr. Jarr, for he was still strong in the conviction that Mr. Jarr had no toore barm in him than there is in a rattleanake.

"I suppose this tark and a strong that are taken out of more balls only in the suppose this tark." "I suppose this isn't gay enough for once or twice a year. A dinner at

tucked a napkin around Mr. Silver's "In no other city is it possible to make nack to protect his clothes. "You'd and hold friends more easily than in rather be some place where there was I'm sorry you're not enjoying your-"Oh, I'm enjoying myzelf all right."

Ean to wonder if she sad but Eved more muttered Mr. Jarr. "But you know I'm in the PRESENT and the future would new to these dissipations. A party has she not, even after they had left her, left over there by our friends," he "No. See, they're shaving the table New York. And the good thing about

some children. They wanted to be happy, for youth knows no past.

Fut any miribful or joyous intentions on their near always received the cold write always received the cold write always received the cold institutions of to-day are so different. They do not mind as they used to "Se."

Some children. They wanted to be to do not know to like and the large to dry her tears of the bygones and away to have more room to dance."

Some they're showing the table way to have more room to dance."

New York. And the good thing about away to have more room to dance."

It is that in this only it is possible to replied the old gentleman. "We'd be contained at intervals widely separated. They do not mind as they used the good thing about away to have more room to dance."

Put one thing she did understand at only in their way. Would you make for the intervals widely separated. They are very always to have more room to dance."

Some they're showing the table way to have more room to dance."

It is that in this old it is the table and so the proposition with friends at intervals widely separated. They are very and the table and the cold gentleman. "We'd be replied the old gentleman."

They do not mind as they used the good thing about the proposition of the proposition with the latter and the table and the proposition of the proposition of

## Confessions of a Mere Man

Helen Rowland.

#### Depyright, 1912, by The Prem Publishing Co. (The New York World). Sense, Sentiment and Scent.

PASSED a "perfume" in the street the other day. I did not see the wo

face, but I know that it was lovely, because that one whilf of delicate fragrance made me think of moonlight and Venice and poetry and old love, and Il Trovatore—and another girl—all in the same moment.

It's wonderful how a big, strong brute of a man can be bowled over by a little thing like that, isn't it? Det you ever catch yourself boking into the eyes of one girl, THINKING of another, long since forgotten?

And, while you were searching the recesses of

mind for some cane reason why, at this particular psychological moment, that sweet, troublecome old ghost should rise to tantalize you, did it gradually down upon you that the subtle eachet that emanated from the laces had made you dizzy and toppled you over at the fact of the old one? A man gets a woman so confounded with the

With ink and office smoke, at it's one kind of warmen, and with violets and bouquet d'amour if it's the other hind. His sentiment takes its oue from the feminine scent bottle. You fall in love with a girl who is wearing valley liles, and forever after

ward the scent of valley lilies will take you back to that night and that girl.

You may forget the color of her eyes, the sound of her voice, even the promises you made and the kisses she gave. But the delicate scent of her gloves or de her hair against your shoulder-the particular "brand" of her perfu like a wraith and bowl you over at some moment when you least expect it. As far as valley lilles are concerned, you are "hers" forever! And therein lies all the danger of falling in love, my boy. That's why so many of us marry the wrong girl. We start out with our high ideals, and our perfectly clear notion of the girl we OUGHT to marry and are going to marry-

and then, some fluff little thing we ought NOT to marry waves a rose or a scented handkerchief under our noses and we proceed to lose our senses! We are like babes crying for something we want, and forgetting all about it the moment symphody shakes a tinsel rattle in front of us—we wise, same, level-headed men! We don't SELECT our wives; we just put our hands into the matrimonial grab-bag, and snatch up the first bundle of lace and chiffon that

strikes our fancy. And yet, it's perfectly natural. A woman's fascination lies mainly in the "atmosphere" she creates about herself. That is the thing that first interes us and which we remember longest. Who cares whether a girl's fascissit comes from Heaven or the drug store-so long as she has it? A man doesn't cause she is-delightful!

Ask any fellow the names of the girls he har-er-known. He won't be able to remember them; but he could easily designate them as "Stephanotis, Lity-ofthe-Valley," &c., &c.

Alas, it isn't the woman we bye-it's the illusion she gives us. It isn't what she IS, but what she seems to be. It isn't what we know about her that fas-unates us; it's what we don't know. It's the tantalizing quality of her personality, "expressed in violets," at two dollars a bunch-or in perfur lars a bottle! It's her subtle femininity peeping from the brim of her flowered hat, the corners of her eyes, and the bows on her slippers; her real nature coming out in frills and furbelows and dissolving in hyacinths or bouquet d'amour it's the ETERNAL FEMININE that catches the Eternal Masculine about the throat-and makes a lump come there!

And yet, that same girl would probably hate YOU if you emanated stephanotis, or steeped yourself in "Lily-of-the-Valley." She accepts your tobaccity, pipe-smelling kisses with perfect equanimity. Why? Because those things are asculine. For suffrage and economics may some day make men and women equal, but they never will make them ALIKE, thank heaven!

Ah, well, we men are all Samsons, doomed to be shorn by doomed to go into matrimony blindly, so long as we continue to fall in love with a ruffle and let our sentiment get mixed up with scent. But-I wish I had seen the face of that riri I passed the other day!

## The Week's Wash

By Ma tin Green.

Convright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). 66 THE wife of Mayor Shank of In-, neighbor in the next flat, said neighbor dianapolis," remarked the head doesn't care a whoop. Which condition polisher, "must be a woman of is quite satisfactory to those who live

nerve. She says here and wouldn't live anywhere else. she would rather New Batch of Fight live in Indianapolis than in New York, Words. because life here is 66 HINGS are beginning to live ruch a strain."

There are New up in national politics." Yorkers," repl ! e d gested the head polisher. the laundry man. The arguments of the leading

"who would find men." declared the laundry man, "sound life in Indianap- like a discussion of the County Medical olls more than Society. For instance, take President REASON SECRET have been in In-



"Back come iden: Taft and his supporters political

other observing visitors from the prov-inces is that they think all New York derers and accusing Taft of trying to lives on Broadway. It is apparent to drive the G. O. P. to suicide. From them that the average New York man present appearances the National Conful Doll"

And Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith was

The Same Old Roun-

OTS of holdups and shootings lately," said the head poll-her."
"Yes," agreed the laundry man. "The time approaches for taking



at a show and a rarebit or a labeler our old friend, Wave of Crime, on before hitting the subway or the I. for storage, dusting it off and serving

### Love and Death. A Love before Death: Elise they content might b

With their short breath; Aye, glad, when the pale sun showed restless day was done, And endless rest begun. Glad, when with strong, cool hand

Death clasped their own, And with a strange command Hushed every mean; Gird to have finished pain, Blurred by sin's deepening stain, But Love's insistent voice

Bids self to flee-



restaurant with Priend Wife, two sears